"Bunky" Turned Out to Be.

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, "THE POET SCOUT."



Mexico to the East I merly.

I cannot promise you | battle.

scarce in this new country, but I can give you | he said: a soldier's welcome, and, perhaps, a little better grub than we used to get in war times."

the best hotels in the land. picture as nearly every comrade had taken in | tell her what became of me.' a tent by one of the field artists who followed

the troops during the war. "This cannot be your picture?" I remarked, transferring my gaze from the handsome, boy- | self, Joe, I said. ish features to the comrade's manly, bearded

queer story about the little fellow." I assured him that I would listen with pleas-

ure, and be continued: "I was a private soldier in an Iowa regiment attached to the Fifteenth Corps. Numerous battles in Tennessee and Mississippi and the diseases incident to that hot climate had greatly decimated our ranks, and one day a lot of recraits reached us, several of whom were assigned to my company. Among them was Joe Ransom, whose picture you hold in your hand. He was a little, almost childish looking fellow, and from the day he joined us the veterans of the company seemed to look down upon him. They dubbed him 'the baby,' and many were the predictions that a very little hard service would break him down, and that the roar of the first battle would terrify him and make him cry to be sent back home to his mother.

"The taunts and gibes heaped upon the boy awoke sympathy in my heart, and I soon found | 5 myself taking a deep interest in him. I enlisted at a very early age and was but little more than a boy myself, and by various little acts of kindness and words of encouragement see his face light up with pleasure every time asleep. I approached him.

the woods, and his red, swollen eyes told me | for the last time. that he had been weeping.

"" Why, Joe, I said, what is the trouble? What have you been crying about?'

broken voice he replied; "Charlie, you are the only man in the com-

and they will soon let you alone.'

ought to have stayed at home, but I do my duty just as well as the biggest man in the company does. I believe I'm a better soldier than half of them now, if I baven't been out long. Can

the boys treat you? "Joe's eyes flashed as he replied:

"That's just what I've been crying about. all its fury. I left the tent and came out here in the woods | and bore it off. just because I had to cry and didn't want any-

does get a little tipsy when not on duty.'

" So you think I like my whisky, eh? he his place by my side. said. 'Do you know what I ought to do in a case of this kind? "I could see Joe's lips trembling, and I knew | with a triumphant smile.

that it was with difficulty he was keeping back "Captain," he said, 'I know you ought to only a baby, Charlie." punish me for my insolence, but, indeed, I

dier in you."

such an expression on a human face. His eagerly, eyes filled with tears, and the look he gave the tude and joyous surprise.

thing if I could recall what I said to you, but I "'I cannot leave you here,' he replied. made me wild with their taunts, and I had friend I have in the company.' you how much I hoped, that you might do | you must go. For God's sake go quick!' my whole duty in battling for my country, but | your feet, and may be able to get you off the | same ground. the men have made my life miserable before I | field." to you as I did. I am sorry that I did so."

men were abusing you. I had heard that they | hero, when I heard him say: 'Oh, I am hit, had given you the title of 'the baby soldier.' Charlie!' and at the same moment we both fell but thought it was all in fun, and that you heavily to the ground. Then the loss of blood didn't mind it. Tell me all of your troubles and the shock overcame me, and I lost con-

"Joe did so, and also told him that I was the only one who had befriended him since he tertured him with their taunts. I spoke for he kindly asked: the boy, and told the Captain that it was shame-

ful the way they abused him. ""Who bunks with you, Parker?' the Cap- been here?' tain asked.

since had none,

my order, and he must make the transfer at once. I will see what I can do to put a stop to | dreaded to ask the question. the men so annoying him.' " And so it happened that Joe that night be-

blankets thereafter. "The Captain gave the men to understand our baby soldier is a girl!" that they must let the boy alone, but his orders only had the effect to make them more ous. You cannot mean it! cautious in their annoyance. To his fault of N the long journey old soldier knows what that means. They still leaving she begged to be carried here to see

stopped off for a day | "We laid in that camp in the damp woods, | ing and praying for your recovery." n a town in Western | which were full of malaria and rattlesnakes, Kansas, that great "old | for two mouths, but at last the welcome, longsoldier" State, and attended a meeting of themkfulness went up from thousands of threats afterward I was sent back to Memphis, and people fully realize the depth of this degradathe Grand Army Post | when the army was again in motion.

close of the meeting | day's murch, when 40 rounds extra of ammu- | ment, and served without receiving another | one day one of the officers of | nition was issued, and the men were ordered to | scratch until the war ended. I marched with the Post said to me: | see that their guns were in perfect condition, | Sherman to the sea, and, beginning as Corporal, "Contrade, I want and to be ready to move at daybreak in the was promoted step by step. Capt. Williams was you to come home with | morning. We all knew what that meant-that | killed at Kenesaw Mountain, and on that last me and stay over night. | the enemy was in front of us, ready to give | grand review at Washington I marched as Cap-

extra fare, for my wife "Joe's eyes beamed with a strange light, and has gone back East to when we laid down in our blankets beneath a him? Of her, I mean?' visit her folks, and great oak tree he could talk of nothing but the good bired girls are merrow and what it might bring. At one time | Post room to-night that she had gone back East

"Charlie, I know there will be a battle, and ever since the war." I am glad of it. I feel that after it is over I gladly accepted the invitation, for the home | the boys will no longer call me 'baby,' and will | of a comrade, no matter how humble it may not treat me as they now do. And, say, Charbe, possesses for me far more attractions than | lie, if anything should happen me, if I should fall. I wish you would open my knapsack, and I accompanied the comrade to a beautiful in it you will find a Bible with my mother's cottage in the outskirts of the town, and while | name and address written on the fly-leaf, and sitting in his cosy parlor he handed me a inside the Rible is the picture I had taken back tintype of a boyish-looking soldier-such a at Black River. Send them both to her, and

"That is the same picture, comrade, which you hold in your hand. "'I thought you sent the picture home your-

"'No, I did not. I have never told you, Charlie, but-but my people don't know where "No," he replied, with a smile, "that is Joe. I am. I ran away from home to enlist. If I He was my 'bunky' at one time during the | should not answer at roll-call after the battle, war, and if you care to listen I can tell you a | please write to my mother and tell her all about me. The picture will tell her the rest,"

"I thought the remark a strange one, but I was too tired and sleepy to question him, and as-



I soon gave him to understand that he had at | suring him that if he fell, and I was spared, I least one friend in the company, and I could | would faithfully carry out his wishes, I fell

"One day while we were camped in a forest awakened not by the shrill bugle notes as on Black River, in Mississippi, I started to a usual, but by the First Sergeant going from spring about a quarter of a mile distant to fill | man to man and quietly rousing us. Breakfast some canteens with water. On the way I met | was soon dispatched, and at the command 'Fall Joe, who had just emerged from a side path in | in' the men took their places, many of them

"We started on the march and had proceeded about two miles when scattered shots were heard in advance. The deployed skirmishers "His tears began to flow afresh, and in a | were playing the prelude to the dreadful song of battle.

"A halt was ordered, and then all was activpany who is good to me, and I just can't stand | ity along our lines. Aids-de-Camp galloped the way the men treat me any longer. They | hither and thither, bearing orders to division, make me the laughing-stock not only of the | brigade and regimental commanders; batteries company, but of the whole regiment, and it of artillery flew swiftly by to the points to makes me miserable. They call me a 'baby,' which they were ordered, the wheels rumbling and say that I ought to be at home helping my | the horses snorting and the drivers plying mother wash dishes instead of being down here | whip and spor to urge them to still greater trying to play soldier. O, will we never get | speed; cavalry regiments thundered along, the into a fight! When we do they may find out | sabers of the men clanking against the steamthat the big men who wear whiskers are not | ing sides of the excited horses; bugles blared in every direction; general officers galloped "'O, pshaw, Joe!' I said, 'you musn't mind | along the blue-clad lines inspecting the ranks the boys for they don't mean half they say. with eager eyes-all a thrilling prolog to the They see that it worries you when they guy great drama of death about to be enactedyou, and think it is fan to play upon your feel- | while from the front the sharp firing of the ings as they do. Just pay no attention to them, | skirmishers came back to us, seeming to invite us to the fray. From far beyond the skirmish-"' How can I help but pay attention to them. | lines the sounds of bugles could be occasion-I know I am young and small, and maybe I ally heard amid all this din and confusion, and they told us that the same scenes were being enacted in the ranks of the enemy.

"' Will we never move!' "It was Joe's voice, and glancing into his I help it that I wasn't born sooner than I face I could read the spirit of eagerness which swayed his young soul, and could see determi-"Maybe if you would report the matter to | nation pictured on his flushed face.

the Captain he would put a stop to all this. ""Forward! Steady, men! and we advanced Hadn't you better go to him and tell him how | through the wood. The skirmishers fell back and took their places in the line, and in a few moments the storm of battle burst upon us in

You know the Captain drinks, Charlie, but | "It was a terrible fight, and men seemed to then he always seems so good-natured that I | fall like leaves on every hand. We had been did venture to go to him a while ago. I went | engaged for perhaps half an hour when the into his tent and took off my cap and saluted | rebels made a sudden, unexpected charge right as respectfully as I knew how, and he looked | up to our line. They were repulsed with great at me and laughed and said, "Hello, baby; how | slaughter, and when they slowly fell back a do you get along with your milk down here?" | cry of rage went up from our ranks, for our It made me mad, Charlie, and I told him if I | regimental flag went with them, borne by disloved milk as well as he loves whicky I wouldn't | loyal hands. Our color-hearer had been killed, be able to get along without it at all, and then | and one of the enemy seized the flag as he fell,

body to see me. I expect he'll put me in the from the line, and almost before we could realize what had happened Joe rushed up to the 'No. I think not, Joe, I said. 'Capt. Wil- captor of our colors, knocked him down with only two cents a week. liams drinks, it is true, but he is a brave old | his gun, seized the flag, and bore it back to the soldier, and as big-hearted a man as there is in | regiment, where he unfurled it and waved it in the regiment. He is a good man, Joe, if he defiance at the foe. Many shots were fired at the heroic boy, but he seemed to bear a charmed "The words were scarcely out of my mouth | life and escaped unburt. The cheers which ere the Captain came around a bend in the path | greeted the hazardous exploit were deafening and stood before us. He halted and, folding Men threw their hats high in the air and yelled his arms, began to look Joe steadily in the | themselves hourse as the gallant boy returned

" Joe, my brave boy, you are a hero!' I proudly cried, as he looked up into my face

"'No, I am only a baby,' was his quiet reply. Heroes are big men who wear whiskers. I'm

Then came an order to charge, and with a couldn't help it. I beg your pardon, sir, cheer the line moved forward. We had advanced but a short distance when I felt what | might head them off as they came around; and | badji was not much more than half as big as "Stop, my boy! You are on the wrong seemed like a dull blow from a heavy missile track. I am going to do my duty as an officer | in the groin, and I sank to the ground. I tried | thought it probable they might attempt to | pouted like a schoolboy as the little old man -and as a gentleman. It was I who was wrong. to rise again as the men charged over me, but pass, we dismounted, and leaving our horses, made the dust fly out of his blouse, and then and I humbiy beg your pardon for my insolence.

Give me your hand, my boy, for I believe you believe y ing back, stubbornly resisting the repulse they had met, and as they passed the spot where I "Joe grasped the honest outstretched hand | was lying Joe stopped and knelt beside me.

"'I fear I am, Joe; but you must not stop Captain was one of mixed astonishment, grati- here. Keep with the regiment, for the enemy "O, Captain,' he said, 'I would give any- us, and you will be killed or captured.'

gone to you for relief, loping, O, I cannot tell " They are all your friends now, Joe, and something for me. Captain, I colisted through " " No, I will not,' he replied firmly. 'I will as pure patriolism as ever swayed a human | save you, or I will die here with you. Put an breast, and came down to the front resolved to do arm around my neck and I will raise you to

have been given a chance to show in battle | "I saw that further urging would be useless, that I am a soldier. I know now that you did | and did as he directed. He seemed to have acnot mean it, sir, but when I went to you for | quired almost superhuman strength as he raisrelief and met with the same taunt that had ed me and half-carried, half-dragged me toalmost crazed me I became desperate and spoke | ward where our regiment had again made a stand. We had almost reached the line, and the Why, my boy, I never dreamed that the men were again wildly cheering the young

"When I regained consciousness I found myjoined the company. The men is his own tent, | self lying on a cot in the field hospital, the he said, were the worst, and from the time they | Regimental Surgeon bending over me. As I went in at night until sleep slienced them they | looked up in his face in an inquiring manner,

"" Well, my boy, how do you feel now?" " Very weak, Doctor. How long have I ""Two days. You have had a close call, "" No one, sir, I raplied. 'Harris, who was | Parker, but with care I think you will now killed at Shiloh, was my 'bunky,' and I have | pull through all right. In a day or two, as soon

as I think you can be moved with safety, I will your comrades.

take care of him. Tell the First Sergeant it is start you to the hospital at Memphis, where you will have good care, and you will soon recover.' "'And-and-was Joe-killed?' How I

"' No, the little hero was not killed; but received a bad wound in the shoulder. I myself The Eastern Custom of Beating the came my 'bunky,' and we shared the same | dressed the wound, and made a most remarkable discovery during the operation. Charlie, "'A girl! Why, Doctor, you cannot be seri-

"'Yes, it is true, Charlie; and a brave, hebeing young and green, and of having never | roic girl she is, too. She has been started to smelt powder in battle, he had now added that | the Sisters' Hospital at St. Louis, and from of being a 'tattler' to the officers, and every | there will be sent to her home in Iowa. Before nize her. We bore her to the ambulance weep-

"Well, comrade, you can imagine my astonishment at this revelation. My little 'bunky' after two months in the hospital was again relocated there. At the | "We had gone into camp after the fourth | ported fit for duty and sent back to my regitain at the head of my company." "And Joe?" I asked. "What became of

"I think I told you just before leaving the to visit her folks. She has been my 'bunky'

WHERE THE CROWS ROOST. Scenes at a Rookery-Habits of the Sable-coated Birds-Night Time.

[Scientific American.] The first of these two rookeries is situated about two miles east of Syracuse, N. Y., in a woods known as "Tamarack Swamp," and lying between the Central and West Shore tracks. The second is situated in Arlington Cemetery at Washington. Both rookeries are nearly equal in size, the one at Syracuse covering about 15 acres and that at Arlington from 10 to 12. A visit to these roosts in the daytime is inter-

shake or two they lanch forth in quest of the | pace to obey her orders. morning's breakfast. Leaving singly, in pairs, by dozens, and in flocks of hundreds, each group wings its way to where the previous day's meals were secured, or starts in search of new feeding grounds. After they are gone the roost is a sight indeed. On every hand the trees and ground beneath are literally covered with the excreta of the birds, having much the appearance of having been plentifully bespattered with whitewash. The air is foul with the odor mingled with that of the putrefying bodies of the dead ones that here and there dot the snow, while among the branches as well as on the ground are numbers of individuals too weak, emanciated, or otherwise disabled to participate in the flight. These are readily approached, and are often to be caught in the hands.

A drive through the surrounding country alone will sustain life, but with the usual frozen condition of the ground this, as a rule, is difficult to obtain. Up to about 3 o'clock the birds are busy feeding, and the average person would hardly believe that within an hour or even less these same birds will be miles away, and in company with tens of thousands of the same species. Having traced them through their daily wanderings, it is in order to visit the roost again at nightfall and watch them come in. At the hour above mentioned they began to arrive either singly or in flocks, tarrying at times at some near-at-hand feeding grounds, but soon seeking the vicinity of the roost. Strangely enough, instead of repairing at once to their night's resting place, they gather in immense multitudes on the surroundof the country, the numbers increase until the fields, the trees, and the fences are covered with them. Long after the sun had set they | made a good hit. continued to arrive. The noise is deafening, in the air it seems as if the heavens themselves roost. These are followed by small bunches of 50 or so, and these in turn by other companies interspersed with stragglers. Suddenly, with closely followed by another, and still another,

to show some signs of thinning out. the face, almost flying against one, alighting on the first branch they strike against (for they are now almost unable to see, and it is ing for luck to throw a branch in their way), wing and seek another part of the woods, only the birds became absolutely quiet.

Every man who wore the blue, and every friend of his, should take THE NATIONAL "Suddenly a form was seen to dart forward | TEIBUNE. It gives more and better matter than any other family weekly paper, and costs

MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

Exciting Sport in the Rocky Mountains. [Gen. R. B. Maney in May Outing.]

cautiously approached toward the game under felt. the flag to the color company and returned to cover of a rocky projection, and as we came near we took off our caps and softly crept up | in native simplicity to a burly peasant in the and cast our eyes over the crest of a crag, ex- frontier village of Zaribrod by a little wizened pecting to find the sheep where we last saw old Chorbadji. A couple of peasants were in them. But, instead of this, they had disap- dispute about something, and had come to the peared, probably having heard us, or taken the | Chorbadji to have the matter decided. The Chorwind from us, and run around the hill; and as | badjilistened patiently to both sides, questioned their tracks indicated this, we hurried back to them a little, and then, having satisfied himself our horses, mounted, and galloped around on as to which was is the wrong, proceeded at once the opposite side of the hill, hoping that we to flog the delinquent with a stick. The Chorwhen we reached a narrow defile, where we the peasant, but the latter whimpered and nountain sheep, lying quietly down among the rocks about 150 yards off, whereupon we instantly dropped upon our hands and knees and actually kissed it, and I never before saw "'Are you badly hurt, Charlie?' he asked and crept cautiously forward, until we secured a good position behind the rocks. Then, taking deliberate aim, we fired together, at which to be made of somewhat more manly clay than the terrified flock jumped up, and not seeing is following up the repulse and will soon be on where the shots came from, became confused resent a blow from a superior, he receives less and ran around in different directions, giving of them than his Christian neighbor. 'It us good opportunities to make several other was desperate. The men of the company had | would be cowardly in me to desert the only | running shots which were effective; and when at last they ran out of range they left us five of their number stretched out upon the ground before us.

Although this was during the rutting season. the flock embraced rams, ewes and lambs. The

Ah me!" sighed Potts, "I'm tired of living, The world is hollow, ambition's vain." symptoms; It's all your liver-that's very plais.

You need not suffer, for help is easy; Pierce's Pellets go right to the place. A friend to the bilious,' I well might call them-

There's nothing better; they'll suit your Potts ceased his sighing and bought the "Pel-

No more he mourneth his hapless lot!

lets:

His face is cheerful, his heart is lightsome, His melancholy is quite forgot! Have you done your duty in getting one more subscriber for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE? You should do this, for it is the best way to help

Lowly for All Sorts of Reasons.

BY THOMAS STEVENS.

One of the most singular phases of life in the East to an American traveler is the utter lack of self-assertion in the lower classes whenever from my home in New | harrassed poor Joe, but not so openly as for- | you, but you were delirious and did not recog- | their social superiors choose to inflict upon them corporal abuse. All tourists and globe trotters have, of course, seen the ordinary servility and meekness of the Oriental plebe; but only those whose interior wanderings have taken them

It came under my notice for the first time

in full force. Svetozar Igali, a Magyar wheelman, was riding with me down the Danube Valley. Three days out from Buda Pesth we reached the village of Dana Zegedo, where resided the aunt of my companion, at whose hospitable house we remained over for dinner. The old lady received us cordially, even affectionately. She was a motherly, gentle-eyed dame, about 50, her whole appearance and demeanor being pre-eminently mild and domestic. As we sat on the little veranda and sipped the red Zegzardi wine she sat at our feet, and, looking worshipfully up into our faces, stroked her nephew's hand and purred as softly as a

I thought she was about the gentlest and most harmless old lady I ever saw, and so she was, no doubt, to everybody of equal station in life with herself. We had been resting but a few minutes, however, when a big, hulking peasant came slouching across the yard. He was a man of about 40, bushy whiskered and strong as an ox. He was the kind-faced old lady's man-of-all-work, and he had been gone somewhere a trifle too long to suit his mistress. Like a cat when it suddenly sees a dog, esting in the extreme, while another paid at our hostess bristled up and assailed the luckless dusk when the birds are coming in is even more | wight with dire Hungarian threats in a tone so. Shortly after daybreak the vast throng of | that one would hardly have thought her capablack bestirs itself; first a loud clamor be- ble of. The man responded with a surly, boytokens that the birds are awake; then with a | ish pout and moved off at a slow, unwilling

This slight SHOW OF INSUBORDINATION irritated the good dame beyond endurance. Grabbing a stick, she sailed across the yard after him and gave the fellow a vigorous dressing down. The big peasant was mad as a wet hen, and knit his brows and pouted till his nether lip well-nigh concealed his chin, but he offered no verbal remonstrance. When she got through drubbing him the old lady followed him doggedly round and round the premises, hustling him along from point to point, and hurrying him through his work by fairly waving the rod over his head. This was the first time I had seen a big middle-aged man trounced like an urchin for his faults by a woman with a stick, and I naturally viewed the performance with some astonishment. Svetozar Igali and | kabob skewer fell across his shoulders. will now give a glimpse of their daily life his cousins, however, took no more notice of it It was a piece of during Winter. Anywhere and everywhere than if the old lady had been chastising a cow. After this first introduction I saw plenty of the

peasantry in the East on various occasions. IN SERVIA the state of society in this respect reminds one very forcibly of what it was in England in the days of feudal lords and villeins several centuries ago. I doubt, however, if the Saxon villein, even in the time of the early Norman Kings, was so thoroughly crushed a mortal as the Servian peasant. The young nobles of Belgrade who entertained Syctozar Igali and me, and drove us about the city and suburbs in imported Viennese barouches, slashed the peasants with their long whips right and left in wanton sport whenever we passed a string of them bringing their heavily-laden wagons ing hills; coming as they do from all quarters into town. They meant their blows to hurt, self to the best of his ability, he followed the and cut the streets and avenues of Washington too, slashing them across the head and shoulders, and laughing gleefully whenever they

The peasants dodged and humped their shouland when at times they rise and circle about ders and ran off the road, but I never saw one istan there was an element of the seriocomical. Albany and New York were 3 shillings, or, as of them show a spark of self-assertion. As rewere about to fall. As darkness begins to set- gards spirit, they seemed to me to be pretty tle, first a few of the bolder ones enter the much on a level with the pariabs that from the actions of the aggressor, and by the philo-Belgrade eastward begin to swarm the streets. Like the pariahs they are equal to a desultory | party beaten. The old lady in Hungary was | were glad to be hired at 18 pence a day. None, squabble accasionally among themselves, but a noise as of a hurricane, a vast host arises | kicks and blows from their superiors are reand makes a dive for the roost. These are ceived with abject submission. The better slashed the peasants for their own diversion. In Virginia white men employed by the year classes seem quite unconscious of there being | The Bulgarian Chorbadji was the rude repreuntil finally the numbers on the hillsides begin any injustice in this insolence, or if they are sentative of justice. The Afghan farrash was were clothed and their masters paid £1 a conscious of it they never show it. Our Bel-As the darkness deepens they come in any grade entertainers seemed generous, whole- master's guest. Whenever my thoughts wan- eral money \$3.33. The average rate of wages way; down they come pell mell, brushing past souled fellows enough, but I never heard one der back to any of these scenes it provokes the land over way, therefore, \$65 a year, with of them attempt to check or chide another for striking an inoffensive peasant. In one of the barouches was a little boy, the pet brother of amusing to see hundreds flopping about wait- one of the young men. A whip was given to this youngster, and he was encouraged to try often within arm's reach. Every tree and his tiny strength and dexterity at scoring a hit branch seems packed with them, and still they | whenever we were about to pass a peasant. continue to pour down, finding a roosting | The small aristocrat would whack away and place somewhere, and adding clamor to the | chuckle loudly at his own cleverness, precisely deafening babel already existing. Finally all as though he were practicing on some passing appear to have arrived, and are busy settling animal. The women, too, seem to be tarred themselves for the night. Utter now but so | with the same feather. The son of one of the much as a syllable, and the entire army with | wealthiest and most aristocratic families of Belrenewed cries, and in the direct confusion, take | grade told his mother and sisters at the dinner table about me shaking my head in disapproval to renew the performance should the operation of their wanton slashing of the whip. The be repeated. I have never as yet remained in ladies, gentle, refined and well-bred, as such a roost long enough to ascertain whether or not | things go in Servia, smiled amusedly at the idea; plainly, they couldn't understand why I

or anyone else should object to striking a peas-

I think, have a little more latent spirit than the Servians, but not much. The Turks have pretty well crushed out whatever self-assertion they might at one time have had-Turkish misrule, I mean, for the individual Turk is less given to the use and abuse of the stick than the Sultan's Christian subjects are. The Bulgarian peasant is a thick-headed, good-humored animal who cares nothing for a blow unless it happens to hurt. Like an animal, if it hurts be winces, perhaps even growls, but if it doesn't Tying our horses securely out of sight, we he doesn't mind; there is no sense of indignity

I once saw a case of summary justice meted out Corporal sussion prevails

AMONG THE TURKS,

but to a less extent than among the Oriental Christian races. The Turkish peasant seems the Serb or Bulgar, and, while he would hardly

Among the subjects of the Shah blows and

domineering actions are freely given and taken without a thought of bad blood resulting therefrom. I once saw a regular pitched battle, or more correctly, a flogging match, between two gangs of Persian charvadars on the road near Tabrecz. It was a curious exhibition of meekfollowing season we shot seven more near the ness and ferocity. The fighting, if it could be called fighting, was done with sticks. One man would hump his shoulders, and with a propitiatory grin, retreat, while his assailant rained upon him a torrent of blows and grunts and imprecations. The rage of the aggressor be-'Come now!" said his chum, "I know the coming exhausted, he would desist, winding up with a torrent of abuse. Finding himself free from blows, the other party would now bristle up in self-defense and begin to turn the tables on his late assailant, who, in turn, would now retreat and grin and hump his back. There was no striking back, blow for blow-no opposition. It was simply a flogging match, turn about, in which one man would have his innings, and then another. This sort of thing continued for 10 or 15 minutes, when everybody seemed to think that enough blows had been received and delivered, and the party separated almost with good humor. But this was an affair between parties of equal

social rank; the PERSIAN RYOT NEVER STRIKES back at his social superior, no matter how trifling the degree of difference may be between them. The servants of the great man, too, are

would never think of striking back at the Khan's farrash, who lays about him vigorously, on occasion, with a long switch, much as though he were chasing away cattle. Old and young

receive blows without resentment. All through the East it seems to be tacitly understood that everybody has a right to strike his inferiors, and that it would be unpardonable presumption in the inferior to strike back or | pretty she was, though the levely pinks and adopt any more self-assertive measure than edging away. As a general thing in Persia blows | ness of her silken hair and brows and lashes grieved, but the enlookers also are very likely | young Friend. Though born a Quaker babyof disgrace. The whole matter is regarded | half a dozen years earlier than Nellie Custis in again on equal terms at once.

Among the

HALF-CIVILIZED AFGHANS the rod is recognized as a very essential factor in dealing with subordinates. There is a certain pariah strata of Afghan society that is composed of persons whose attributes and instincts are amusingly animal-like. They are the dependents and hangers-on of the better-class servants about the persons and establishments of khans and military chieftains-servants of servants. Depending for their livelihood and tolerance on the performance of the most menial services, shiftless, irresponsible, happy-goanyhow mortals, they accept kicks and cuffs as part and parcel of their existence. They seem mutely thankful at being permitted to live.

If an Afghan wishes to show particular honor to his guest, a portion of the display is very likely to be made through the medium of the carcass of some servitor who is detailed for menial service. The head farrash is expected to honor his master's guests by ostentatiously flogging this unfortunate underling around with a stick to hurry him up. By making him hop around and perform his services in a lively, cheerful manner, the hospitable intention is supposed to be measureably emphasized.

An amusing exhibition of this peculiar phase of Afghan life was connected with my own arrest at Furrah. Mahmoud Yusuph Khan, by way of apologizing for the unpleasant necessity of having to send me back to Herat, was anxious to impress upon me, in other directions, his good will toward me as an individual. In this laudable ambition there figured prominently his chief farrash, a smart fellow in a cloud of snowy raiment, and a wild negro, who little cap of very fine muslin plaited and passed was to accompany our party to Herat in charge | around the head, which allowed only half an inch of the nummud horse.

The farrash's role in the program was to giving to Polly the air of a Holy Virgin.) Afghan army for roasting kabobs on, and the her senior. Mrs. Washington sent for her to wild and almost as ugly as a gorilla, and his gaged to James Madison?" Dolly was embaridea of good grace was to scurry around ahead | rassed, and stammered that she "thought not," of the farrash, make frantic rushes at the work | and Mrs. Washington then exorted her to "not of preparation, and howl loudly whenever the | be ashamed to confess it," for Mr. Madison

VERY REALISTIC ACTING. same spirit of domination exercised over the | performed for the benefit of an audience of one -myself. So realistic was it, in fact, that the farrash bent and twisted the iron skewer all martyr to Mahmoud Yusuph Khan's method of | for social agitators. In the great cities unshowing me how sincere he was in his friendship scurried around like a cat on hot bricks. But no matter in how lively a manner the genure in the cloud of white was at his heels, ambitious to emphasize the good wishes of his given a few dollars a month. On the Pennsylmaster. There was such an element of ludicrousness in the whole scene-a veritable appreciation, and, encouraged to acquit himthan ever.

Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, Persia and Afghan- invariably from suurise to sunset. Wages at The semi-barbarous brutality was always re- money then went, 40 cents a day; at Lancaslieved by the palpable absence of viciousness in | ter, \$8 to \$10 a month; elsewhere in Pennsylsophical acceptance of the punishment by the | mer and \$5 in Winter. At Baltimore men simply exercising her birthright to chastise a by the mouth, asked more than \$6. At Freddelinquent menial. The young Servian nobles | ericksburg the price of labor was from \$5 to \$7. acting up to his lights in doing honor to his | month. A pound Virginia money was in Feda smile. They seem like just what they were | food and perhaps lodging. Out of this small -the simple doings of grown-up children.

But a complete change comes over the scene as one crosses over into Russia. The scenes recalled no longer affect the risibilities. I shall never forget the first brutal exhibition of the kind I witnessed on Russian soil. It was on the docks at Baku. As the little Caspian Pitcher, a shoemaker, in 1760, and died in that steamer moved up to the wharf, a swarm of | place in 1813, at the age of 75. She was conragged porters were seen struggling for position | sulted not only by the poor and ignorant, but where they could pounce on the passengers' by the rich and intelligent class, and many baggage. Gaunt, hungry looking, and clad in strange legends of verified predictions have rags, they seemed like the very off-scouring of crept around her name. She is the heroine of the world. Standing out in bold relief against | Whittier's poem of "Moll Pitcher," There them were a number of burly policemen. The | was another "Moli" Pitcher, who became fachief duty of the latter seemed to be to abuse | mous in the Revolutionary war. She was the former, which they did in a most unwar- | the wife of an American artilleryman. Durrantable manner.

tapping with the locusts, like the members of the | she saw him fall. An order was given to with-Broadway squad, but they struck the poor, half- | draw the gun, as there was no one to manage starved wretches squarely in the face with | it. The gallant Mary took her husband's place, clenched fist and kicked them in the stomachs, and performed the duties faithfully. Wash-The burly policemen seemed to take a wanton | ington afterward conferred on her the title of pride in smashing the poor, ragged devils in the | Sergeant. She was called by both the French face and in kicking them in dangerous places | and Americans "Captain Molly." with their heavy topboots. As a picture of brute force, unbridled, gloating over defenseless victims, it beat anything I ever saw.

It seems incredible to an Anglo-Saxon that human beings could ever be so thoroughly crushed and cowed as to submit meekly to such inexcusable brutality as the lower-class Russians do. One after another the wretched victims of police brutality would go limping away, finished and delivered at the rate of 500 a day, lamed or doubled up by a kick, and faces often streaming with blood. Our Russian passengers paid no sort of attention to the scene; only in the breasts of two persons present, in all that crowd, was aroused any sentiment of pity or to touch their rifles save in the presence of a condemnation, so far as could be seen on the surface. These two exceptions were an Eng. are from time to time served out are counted, lish war correspondent and myself .- New York

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the only champion the soldiers have among the great pa- that the regulations have been so strictly en-

Hindu Superstitions.

[Report of Bombay Natural History Society.] "The ghost of a man killed by a tiger rides on the beast's head to warn him of danger and to point the way to fresh victims. Eating tigers' flesh gives one courage, but unless the whiskers are first singed off the tiger's spirit will haunt you, and, what is worse, you run the risk of being turned into a tiger in the next world.

food, so that if a tiger kills a bullock worth five rupees, he will not kill again for five Just as comical is a report which the native police made after carefully investigating the

"God allows a tiger one rupee a day for his

case of an unlucky villager killed by a tiger. For perfect artlessness it cannot be matched. "Pandu," says the report, "died of the tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of Pandu save some fingers, which probably belonged either to the right or

Popular Education.

left hand."

We sympathize with the feeling which often leads citizens to boast that no child born in this country need grow up in ignorance, and yet it | \$6" is a fact that many people who have learned to read and write have never taught themselves to think. A man who suffered from catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, scrofula, or "liver complaint," might read, till his eyes dropped out, how these and many other diseases have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but if he did not take the lesson to himself and test the virtues of this great medicine, his time would be thrown away.

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DOLLY MADISON.

A Beautiful Woman Who Once Reigned in the White House. [Wide Awake.]

Mistress Dolly was not yet 23. The portrait of her in a Quaker cap, from a miniature painted at about that time, shows how exquisitely pearliness of her complexion and the fine blackare given and taken with the bland and child- cannot be given in the crude black and white like philosophy of Kismet. The person who of ink and paper, nor the sweetness of her blue knows himself to be in the wrong on some tri- eves. She was wondrously fair. Her mother, fling occasion receives a proportionate amount | who would not permit her to wear jewels, of chastisement meekly, as being no more than | taught her to take care of her complexion. She his just desert, even though the party who as- was sent to school with long gloves on her sumes the roll of executioner be a casual stran- | hands and arms, a close sun-bonnet, and a ger, acting on the spur of prima-facie evidence. | white linen mask on her face. It is plain to What is the concern of one seems to be the con- see that in many ways great care was taken of cern of all; not only the party directly ag- | the outward as well as the inward grace of the to take a hand in cuffing an evil-door. The it was in 1772, about half a dozen years later person who is thus publicly cuffed feels no sense | than Miss Abigail Adams in Massachusetts, and most philosophically; having meted out pun- | Virginia, and the same year as Martha Jefferishment to an offender, they hob-nob with him | son at Monticello-little Dolly (who was so fond of jewelry that she were a grandmother's gift of some around her neck hidden in a little bag) grow up with a love for dainty clothes; A 25 acre Farm and Town Lot for \$250, in monthly incertainly a more exquisitely broidered and frilled little Quakeress than she of the ministure has never been seen. There is in existence still, belonging to this period, a delicate gray satin-Quaker gown, with elbow sleaves and square neck, worn by the young beauty-she certainly was a beauty. Her mother and grandmother before her, on one side of the house, had been great belies, and little Dolly was dowered with sweet looks as well as with a Scotch simplicity and an Irish irresistibleness of manner-she shared the Irish wit and good-nature with her famous second cousin. Patrick Henry.

Her grandniece, writing a hundred years later, tells us how she met James Madison. It was in Philadelphia, whither she and her little boy and her mother (who was also a widow) had returned, and where her reputation for beauty was so great that gentlemen stationed themselves at points she was to pass in order to see her. Mr. Madison saw her one day, and got Aaron Burr to call with him and introduce him, and Dolly came down "in a mulberry colored satin, and a silk toile handkerchief over her neck and on her head an exquisitely dainty little cap from which an occasional uneropped curl would escape."

(She must have much resembled a famous young Quakeress beauty of the same period, described by a Frenchman traveling in America, the Prince de Broglie; writing of her-Polly Lawton, of Newpart, -he says:

She wore a species of English gown, pretty close to the figure, white as milk, and a field very full and firmly fastened. Her head-dress was a simple of lair to be visible, but which had the effect of

chase the negro around and rain blows on him | All her friends rejoiced that she was to be with a long iron kabob skewer, used in the | married to Mr. Madison, though he was 20 years negro's duty was to receive the castigation with | come to the Presidential Mansion, and then, as good grace as possible. The negro was as "Dolly," said she, "is it true that you are enwould make her a good husband.

* Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison. Wages in 1800. [McMusters's History.]

The condition of the wage-class of that day out of shape over the negro's back, while the | may be well examined; it is full of instruction skilled workmen were hired by the day, bought their own food and found their own lodgings. But in the country, on the farms, or wherever tleman of color hopped around, the nimble fig- | a hand was employed on some public work, they were fed and ledged by the employer and vania canals the diggers ate the coarsest diet, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid \$6 a | not have been consecutive, nor need it have been rencomedy it was, in black and white-that I had | month from May to November, and \$5 a month | dered in the war of the rebellion. to laugh outright. This seemed to convince the from November to May. Hod-carriers and farrash that his efforts were meeting with due | mortar-mixers, diggers and choppers, who from 1793 to 1800 labored on the public buildings. negro around and "laid on, Macduff," harder city, received \$70 a year, or, if they wished, \$60 for all the work they could perform from It will be seen that in all these scenes in March 1 to Dec. 20. The hours of work were vania workmen were content with \$6 in Sumwere given £16 currency; slaves, when hired, sum the workman must, with his wife's help,

> maintain his family. "Moll Pitcher."

[Notes and Queries.] One Moll Pitcher was a celebrated New England fortune-teller, originally of Marblehead who settled in Lynn, as the wife of Robert ing the battle of Monmouth, while she was The bluecoats did no artistic and finished | bringing water from a spring for her husband,

A New French Rifle. St. James's Gazette.

The arming of the French infantry with the Lebel rifle is now going on rapidly. St. Etienne and Tulle are the chief centers of the manufacture, and the Government works at the former place have of late been nearly doubled in size. For some weeks past the weapons have been and 90,000 are already in the hands of the troops. The anxiety of the French Government to keep secret the details of the invention is still extraordinary. Soldiers are not allowed commissioned officer, and the cartridges that receipts are given for them, and those which are not expended have to be inspected every three hours during the period that elapses before they can be returned into store. It is said



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